

7/6

A
P O E M

Upon Occasion of the

Happy DISCOVERY

OF THE

Late Horrid Plot

Against the

Life of His most Sacred Majesty.

*O Socii, revocate animos maestumque timorem
Mittite: forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.*

Virg. Æn. l. i.

L O N D O N,

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POPE

Upon Occasion of the

HAPPY DISCOVERY

OF THE

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

By

Life of His most Excellent Majesty

By the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy

and the Hon. the Secretary of the Interior

in connection with the

NAVY

Printed by the Government Printer

Washington, D. C.

1892

T O

My Lord DORSET.

A*S when of old in the triumphant Times
Of Poetry, before the Plague of Rhimes,
Apollo's Sons the lov'd Mæcenas chose
To Patronize the Labours of their Muse:*

*Nor were the greatest Wits his only Care,
The lower Orb had a becoming Share.
So in this Age, where-e'er Parnassus stands,
Your Lordship all the Region commands.
Her eldest Sons, with flowing Numbers crown'd,
Descend to Earth, and compass you around.
Nor must You take it ill from younger Wings,
A stronger flight from Dorset's Favour springs.*

*Accept, My Lord, a Youthful, humble Muse,
That, labour what I can, my Thoughts pursues.
My busie Mind, with Loyalty possest,
Dislikes it close and hid within my breast.
Nor should the rest, so much oblig'd to Write,
Forbear their Pens, when Themes, like this, invite.*

*Others, my Lord, with Pegasean Force,
Are able to attain the labour'd Course:*

My

To My Lord DORSET.

*My following Muse, more humble in her Strains,
Attempts no Goal upon the crowded Plains.*

*Enough for me, whilst others scoure the Place,
And swiftly measure out the bounded Space,
Not to be last in the contending Race.*

A

A POEM

**A
POEM
ON THE
DISCOVERY
OF THE
Late Horrid Plot.**

ONce more, ye Sacred Nine, my Breast inspire,
And kindly warm it with Poetick Fire:
No common Theme your Influence invokes,
No Battel urges, nor Heroick Strokes
Of Generous War, perform'd in open Field,
Where Routed Foes do to the Victor yield:
A different Cause doth your joint Aids require,
My Voice engages, and new-strings my Lyre.

Seven times had the bright Sun fulfill'd his Course
In Zodiack Circle, and had spread his Force
Amongst the Signs, whose Influences shew
The Fated Course of all Events below:
A Space that had produc'd the greatest things,
Whether in War, or Policy, for Kings.

B

Amongst

Amongst the rest, Two only were Renown'd,
 Both had their Turns, and were with Laurel crown'd.
 Not equal both in Justice of the War,
 Nor could in Valour boast an equal Share:
 The King of *Gaul* by wild Ambition fir'd,
 New Honours and wider Lands requir'd.
 Which to obtain, without Pretence of Right,
 Is dangerous, and would demand long Fight.
 Ignoble therefore, but at home Secure,
 For safety doth Neglect of Fame endure:
 Bold of Advice, his Generals He Sends
 To undertake the Toils, which He commends.
 With equal Force the Battel they disdain,
 But draw their numerous Armies on the Plain.
 Mean while their subtle King's creating Mould
 Gains over many a Foe with its seducing Gold.

Not so Fair *Albion's* King, the Pride of War,
 The Age's Hero, and the *Gaul's* Despair.
 The God-like Prince, sway'd by more generous Fates
 Fights for Himself, and his Confederates.
 With eager haste he crosses o'er the Main
 Each Year, and for the Battel stays with Pain.
 He flies where'er his Tents of Canvass roll,
 And to each armed Troop imparts his Soul.
 Then draws them out in well-dispos'd Array,
 And very hardly from the Foe can stay.

Thus when two Sovereign Bees collect their Powl
 (For theirs a perfect Emblem is to ours) (ers,
 The Rival Kings their wing'd Battalions lead,
 And each prepares his own with chearful Speed:
 Draws all his Squadrons up in Rank and File,
 And with Impatience waits the coming Broil.

The

The Signal giv'n, to dreadful Work they fall,
 Shouts, Drums, and Trumpets mix with Cannon-Ball:
 Swords, Spears, and Battel-axes, prove their Force,
 And Death stalks up and down without Remorse.
 Each minute is the scene, a rapid Flood,
 That overwhelms at once whole Ranks in Blood.
 Fiercely she moves, and with a horrid Sound
 Deals Ruine and Confusion all around.
 The War grows hot, and like a mighty Sea,
 Sways this way now, compell'd by the Decree
 Of the strong Tide, to combat with the Wind,
 Which now prevailing, drives it back behind.
 Alternately they seem to fall and rise,
 Both tugging hard for the Victorious Prize:
 So fares the War, *William* undaunted stands,
 And with fierce Looks dispences his Commands.
 Then animates his Men, and in their Sight,
 Plunges amidst the Tumult of the Fight.
 There needs no more: his great Example made
 Such Havock, nor was fitt his Fury laid,
 Till the proud Foe, champing his Teeth, gave ground,
 Whilst quick Retreat the hasty Trumpets sound.

Continual War had been the practis'd Art,
 And *William's* Labours shone in every part:
 Witness *Hibernian* Fields, and rapid Flood
 Of *Boyne*, o'erflowing with a Tide of Blood:
 Of Human Blood, whilst all its Banks were spread
 With Carcasses of the Promiscuous Dead.
 Here the bold Monarch venturing too far,
 A Bullet glancing did his Shoulder scar.
 Nor did He leave Engaging on the Strand,
 Till hasty Conquest had restor'd the Land.

As

As when two Clouds encounter in the Air,
 And grappling with the horrid Shocks of War,
 Burst out at last, and down the Thunder falls
 With glittering Lightning, quick as th' Optick Balls:
 With such a Speed our Hero did advance,
 And swiftly drove away the Force of France.

Nor stops he there, whose Courage more than Pow'r
 Gains but a Crown, that was his own before,
 To Flanders next he makes with full-blown Sails,
 And Neptune waits him with auspicious Gales.
 Supply'd with eager Aids his Force he leads,
 No Danger shakes him, nor no Chance impedes.
 All Arts of War he doth with Honour know,
 Neglects no time, but studies all the Foe.
 To each Ally convenient Succour sends,
 And Universal Liberty defends.

Now had inconstant Luna chang'd her Face
 Above a score of times, and borrow'd Grace
 And radiant Brightness from Apollo's Beams,
 To chear the darksome Night with lucid Streams:
 Since Ludovicus, in his Court secure,
 Heard much of Arms, of Conquest now no more.
 He heard how William had oppos'd his Force,
 Stopt his Advances, and disturb'd his Course.
 How Nannet's Walls, invincible in Thought,
 Were by his Arms to quick Subversion brought:
 Whilst all his Troops, embattel'd in Array,
 Stood gazing on, and calmly lost the Day.
 Fortune he saw declining from his Side,
 Still changeable, and moving with the Tide.

He

Late Horrid Plot.

3

He knew the Rule, so proper to each State,
Not to proceed is a Regressive Fate,
He saw his People Poor, and in Distress,
And daily found his Reputation less,
His Fleet divided, and his Ships confin'd
Within their several Ports, no Gale of Wind
Provok'd the lazy Sails, but calm and mild,
Seem'd to have lost the Use of being fill'd.

All went amiss, Ambition found no Hopes
Of Universal Empire:
She saw an Adversary Prince arise
Above a common Height, Just, Valiant, Wise:
One, whom old Bards Prophetically sung,
And rais'd his future Fame with bold *Cumean* Tongue:
His many Laurels were pronounc'd of old,
His God-like Vertues, and * Imperial Mould.
Truth, Justice, Mildness, Wisdom, are his Guides:
These form his Valour, which in War decides,
The only Potent Prince, that could withstand
The Force of *France*, and limit its Command,
His People generally lov'd his Sway,
And without Force consented to obey.
They knew his Vertues, and his Princely Mind,
His native Disposition to be kind,
His dangerous Attempt to save their Laws,
His daily Fighting to defend their Cause:
Great Proofs of Kindness, and Heroick Worth,
When Kings in Person lead their Armies forth!

* One of
his Ance-
stors wore
the Im-
perial
Crown.

The *English* are a free-born, generous Race,
That love Dominion, nor its Rules deface,

C

Or

Or break, when such within the Compass be
 Of their old constituted Liberty.
 In War and Peace the soundest Maxims hold,
 Wise in Advice, in Execution bold.
 In Valour far above their Neighbours stand,
 And great Assertors of their Freedoms stand.
 All lawful Taxes without Murmur pay,
 And every just decree of State obey.
 A Kingly Government the Nation loves,
 Their Monarchy all fear of Chains removes.
 Prerogative and Liberty are mixt
 So equally, and so securely fixt,
 So nicely interwoven in one peice,
 That neither justly can his Bounds increase.
 O happy State of *Albion*, that brings,
 Such Benefits to People, and to Kings!

All this Ambition knew, and straight agreed
 To raise her drooping Hopes, the King must bleed.
 The single Remedy that could be found
 To prop her broken Fame, and to regain her Ground.
 Nor only so; the Perspective had made
 A fairer Sight, new Lands of Conquest laid.
 Straight she imparts what she had found in view
 To all her Court, who great Rejoycings shew,
 And murmur their Applause to kill the Foe.

With utmost haste her Ministers she sent,
 Prepar'd to execute the dire Intent:
 Revenge and Murder, with their meagre Train
 Of Followers, Pride, Uproar, and Disdain,
 Madness, Confusion, and a horrid Crowd
 Of Native Plagues were to infest the Road,

Whilst

Whilst the good King, secure within his Coach,
 Calm in his Thoughts, and fearing no Reproach;
 Thoughtless of Arms to labour his Defence,
 (The Good are safe in their own Innocence)
 Was with a fierce, unlimited Disdain,
 Without Remorse, to be attack'd and Slain:
 Had not Almighty Providence maintain'd
 Its own best Cause, and their wild Hands restrain'd.

Barbarous Men! with what an open Guilt
 And daring, they proceeded to have spilt
 Imperial Blood, which we so dearly hold,
 That every Drop is worth a Mine of Gold?
 And justly too, since there collected lies
 The Joy of *Europe*; and its Miseries
 When once He fails, spring from the weighty loss:)
 Great reason then has *Europe* to rejoyce,
 And sing his Safety with exalted Voice.

Wond'rous Deliverance! nor could it be
 Less than a Miracle for Liberty.
 Almighty Power with influencing hand
 Was felt by some of the Conspiring Band.
 Its Efficacy grew, till by degrees
 It form'd them wiser, and unclos'd their Eyes.
 They look upon their Act with horrid Sense,
 And now betake themselves to Penitence.
 Without Reluctance to the King they go
 And give him Caution of the Lurking Foe.
 Declare the Stratagem of Murder loud,
 The Combination of a numerous Crowd,
 Engag'd by Subtle *Ludovicus* Art,
 In order to effect th' Invading part:

Thus

8 A P O E M on the Late Horrid Plot.

Thus we had seen all Plagues of War increase,
And Desolation brought to Lands of Peace:

So the fam'd Powder-Plot; (whose black Intent)
Was to involve the King and Parliament
At once in Ruins, and to turn the State,
By bringing Popery to work its Fate;
By some Conspiring Hand, the much conceal'd
In Mystick Words, was happily reveal'd.

Barbarous Men! with what an open Guilt
And daring, they proceeded to have spilt
Imperial Blood, which we so dearly hold,
That every Drop is worth a Mine of Gold.
And justly too, since there collected lies
The Joy of Europe; and its Millicies

When once He falls, spilling from the weighty loss:
Great reason then has Europe to rejoice,
And sing his Satey with exalted Voice.

Wondrous Distance! nor could it be
Less than a Miracle for Liberty

F I N I S.

Almighty Power with unerring hand
Was felt by some of the Conspiring Band
Its Efficacy grew, till by degrees
It found them wile, and unclod their Eyes
They look'd upon their Act with horrid Spite

And now broke themselves to Freedom
Without Reliance to the King they go
And give him Cannon of the Larking too
Declare the Stratum of Murder loud,
The Combination of a numerous Crowd,
Engag'd by subtle Unlawful Art,
In order to effect the Invading part:

